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HONOR

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Into the Fire...

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Into the Fire... Is a monthly writing collaboration project ignited by the [Circle of Descent](#). One topic will be put into the fire and forged by some of the finest minds the contemporary Left-hand Path has to offer.

The Honor Complex

The honor complex is a fortress built as a strong-hold of the Empire. The Barbarians are at the gate and no amount of strategic maneuvering can hold back the power of brute force. Any architect worth his weight knows that you need a strong foundation, or else the integrity of the structure is weak, attack the base it comes crashing down. In the same way, Honor is an abstract design; in order to deconstruct it we must first learn the sum of its parts.

The grammar which seeks to protect the castle walls from degradation, catapults esoteric memes to ensure those generations to come are walled in and the fortress becomes captivity. It is written that all life flows through honor. It had been cultivated into a law of the land through the ages and by way of Hermeneutics, we may consider it a

legal innovation; *Vaticinium ex eventu* (*Prophecy from the Event*), deliberate hermeneutical tropes to justify the shames of the future.

When I was a child, I was first taught that to honor your parents meant that regardless of their conduct, it meant to *OBEY* without question or else suffer consequences. If you did not comply with commands or instruction, this was not only a sign of disrespect but also a dishonor to you and a reflection on your family. At an early age, you are indoctrinated with ideation that titles have weight. Titles such as Mother, Father, Teacher, Leader, et. al. which equated to an *Authority*, a power in control of your person as well as the complex of influences to wade through. You are told that these powers are beneficial to your development; otherwise you are nothing more than an animal behaving from base-instincts. This sort of thing is considered abhorrent to achieving esteem within society. Feral humans are at the bottom of the class system; outcast and accessible as scape-goats in a

dishonorable society.

Growing up in a Roman-Catholic sub-culture of Italian immigrants, getting answers to questions was a challenge. To confront an elder meant that you were showing disrespect to your teacher and devalued the lessons being taught, you *never* ques-



tion. The Axiom: *Do as I say, not as I do*, was of the highest form of Hubris. The task of sorting it all out was met with many obstacles. Attaining knowledge was blocked, censored and guarded. I thought, "Well then, this stuff must be valuable". Behaviors such as telling lies or theft were treated as mortal crimes against the family; even if your family was a network of liars and thieves.

To honor one's family meant that you told lies and you took things from others but NEVER from the family. If you wanted to avoid punishments and bringing shame to the family name; (as if this alone deserved such high-honor) you submit to the familial compound and morality be damned. I learned the art of deception, putting on fronts and tricks of the trade. Between my rock and hard place, I had to find my own way of determining value and what was meaningful to ME. The words being used to describe different types of behavior I was to mimic, would take on different connotations when I'd rip away the mask the truth was hiding under. I came to understand how to wield it instead of being tricked by the stage; the difference between a real foundation and a replica.

With the strong-hold in place, you become the battering ram against the gateway. On the other side is Liberation and nothing could keep me from it. Something beyond was calling me... *A need to know.* On my quest, I discovered that the attributes of ancient cultures and dead peo-

ples were responsible for what I was experiencing. I found that words were just symbolic of meaning and that in order to flesh out what they meant; I had to find the reasons for alterations. Language is cultivated by use and the frequency of it can change them. It accounts for the many instances when people use Honor when they really mean something else. Conflating honor with morality, ethics and conditioned behaviors. Primal instinct is aberrancy to what is expected of us... *Compliance.*

The Way of the Italians seemed a reasonable place to start to find bed-rock.

"Oh, the grim fates have caught me in a net of manifold ills!"

At every trodden path, it led me back to the Greeks. Τιμή (*timē*) in Ancient Greece (5th century BCE) literally means 'value' or 'price', what is given your weight. In matters of commerce, to honor an exchange also meant that you bestow it with your family name.

I thought, " Ahhhh, this makes sense to me", the Greeks and Italians being strange bed-fellows, I began demystifying the Greco-Roman world that my world was emanated from.

To strip it away ὕβρις (*hubris*), would carry consequences, νέμεσις (*retribution*). Αἰδώς (*pu-dency*) meant shame, and retribution for having done so may reap a punishment so harsh, it could cost you your very life. It also gave me some insight into how honor was a woman's virtue (modesty and chastity), for if she gave it away freely or it was taken by force she could be considered without having her honor. The Greeks weighed these things as a specific type of leverage, a bargaining chip to form allegiances with powers. The Italians adopted these things, which would explain why harlotry seemed to carry more shame than say, telling a lie to your parents, which you were told to honor with the highest esteem. This seemed to coincide with how I was treated as a young girl, with more restrictions and codes of behavior than my male counter-parts. To the Italians, even if residing in a new land,

reputation was *everything*. The conflicting ideal was that every male in my family had a gumare (mistress) a bastardization of comare (god-Mother) but it was improper for women to carry out the practice, even if men could openly prance their lovers around town. I was told, no strike that, commanded, to keep this secret from my Mother thereby inheriting more 'Aunties' and sins of the Father. A peek through the looking glass into the Madonna-complex.

The further complexities of conflicting ideas I was being taught and what I observed drew me to the conclusion that honor simply meant what we *give* value to: The thing on the pedestal.

It would then be up to me to determine what deserved being placed upon it; family Honor included. What was burdened to me was deciding between honoring thy Mother *or* thy Father. It would be a lose/lose scenario, these battles in the courtyard would produce casualties on both sides. That is, if I followed the top-down model of Honor. Ultimately, I would decide what deserved bestowing honor and my moti-

ventions for doing so. I found myself in the middle of a Divine Comedy. Playing roles and hiding behind masks.

Living in a world that places value on how much power you have, it's rather obvious that those that wield power achieve more in their life-times than those with little of it. How much work you do (Quantity) has little to do with the level of power, instead it is the value placed upon the work you *do*; the difference between gazing at the door and walking through it.

To honor one's self is of the highest value, and holding power to bestow honor unto others. The act of deception, (a dishonor by societal standards) casts shadow over the empire; meticulous placement of the Trojan horse within the walls of the Fortress.

There are just some things you value more than what others would have you put your weight behind. Honor often gets entangled with morality, ethics and those Laws we're supposed to abide by. Language is Sorcery, for the words written, spoken, and received will certainly cause a person to act; even if, to act barbaric.

Besides, I'm not one to fuss over a few splinters.

There are times when I have compromised my own sense of honor for what I valued more. If my youth has taught me anything, it is that what we value can change. The lights go down, the scene changed, the actors are in place and the once great empire is nothing more than a theater prop.

My sense of honor will remain unfamiliar to those not of my kind, the insider compromising the city walls.

I've come to learn how to value, and take the of Apple of Discord.

- Sin Jones



Death Before Dishonor

Honor is a pride in your presentation and cohesion of self. Honor is the esoteric counterpart to respect and the inverse of disgrace. Honor is exercising the ability to set a principle within and with integrity, never stray from it. Is honor a moral issue? Certainly not. Is honor an ethical issue? No. Honor is given rise to from within; it is an expectation held of the self. Morals and ethics are dictated by our culture, family, or society. Honor is holding personal accountability.

Two men can have different values in life and both still be honorable. Someone who is seen as honorable can be depended upon for a specific result. Honor is not concerned with heroism, sycophancy, popularity, or victimization. Honor is embracing those principles and people that you hold in the

highest regard; never wavering from them. This is because they share parallel ideas of honor, and what it means to be honorable.

It is in this way, that honor never betrays its own kind. Living an honorable life begins by recognizing, that one cannot rely on the charities and efforts of others; without a thread to bind. All that we are, have, become, and inherit; rests solely upon our actions, with a fair amount of hap-

penstance in play. Therefore we will undeniably suffer the consequences of our actions and choices. Though we cannot wholly rely on others, they are unmistakably woven into our destiny. They make up a lion's share of the 'chance factor', and are often necessary for many aspects self-actualization. By living an honorable life, we project certain



clarity of our personal character. By demonstrating ourselves to be of a certain ilk, ideally we will attract the like.

It is important to recognize, that our sense of *self* does extend, as the complexity of our character develops. As social creatures, we hold a sense of possession; to those we call our own. This may create the impetus to defend another's honor, should it be perceived as under-attack. Foolish chivalry of that sort, can only serve to damage your honor. Honor shows what you are really made of, and cannot be defended by another. Those we find to be of honorable character, we intuitively give our respect. Respect is the spool of thread, by which, we bind ourselves to others.

What kind of life, is life without honor? Honor is what makes life worth living. In my eyes, the only way a deep trust can or should be formed, is between honorable people; who have developed a mutual

sense of personal accountability and respect. You come to know the essence of that person, and a sense of loyalty grows. Not an empty shallow meaningless loyalty, but the kind, deeply seated in a shared empathy and honor.

My personal honor is deeply connected to my sense of self-worth. It is not a set of rigid laws, but instead is a fluid consistency of principled self-awareness. It assures me I will never give up or "sell out". Through my honor, I recognize, that I am the only true force of governance within myself. Honor is built with firm resolve, when you are right, and dignity, when you are wrong. You can live by honor, or abide by law; rarely can you do both.

Inequality and distinction, sowed the seed from which honor took root. As they dry up and wither, so the honorable do too. As the years pass, I notice with increasing frequency, fewer and fewer people are concerned with honor. Our culture is more preoccupied with legislation

and pacification, than it is with dignity. Swooned by acceptance and status, not by esteem and merit. I see my honor, as worth dying for. I want to walk, with my head held high, and a clear peace of mind. Living my life on my terms. Master of my strengths and owner of my faults.

"The greatest way to live with honor in this world is to be what we pretend to be." - Socrates

-T.C. Downey

A Matter of Honour

Honour is important; it defines the individual and refines his/her ability and self-belief. By acting according to a set of principles, no matter the situation, no matter how loose, the self is directed along a conscious path, and scrutiny can be applied to circumstance and one's reaction to such circumstance.

Sinister-conscious evolution (dare I use the phrase 'evolution?') is concurrent with a degree of self-belief and self-mastery, and a resolute trust in one's actions and sense of worth are important. Both of these arise from adhering to one's code of personal Honour (the code of Sinister Kindred Honour being a fine example and an obvious method bequeathed to us).

Honour is essentially the wilful adherence to a set of self-beneficial principles, no matter the circumstance. To make the self a still rock against the tides of experience is an admirable trait, and a necessary one. It is this personal Honour which Homo Galactica and the Galactic Reich will be founded upon, along with an apprehension of Acausal Empathy.

With little sense of Honour beyond lower, guilt driven empathy and sense fulfilment -as is evident in the mundane masses of Homo Hubris- evolution can and never will take place. Honour is something the Sinister Adept must cultivate and work on. It must be a standard against which their life is compared to in every moment and in every act taken. Only by such furious scrutiny and evaluation can a sense of inner superiority and foundation be created objectively, a sense which will be long lasting.

Personal Honour, however does not just apply toward one's treatment of others and the world, but to one's inner workings. Goals desired and intended must be followed through, promises made, kept. The cultivation of Honour, on all levels - Personal, social and environmental- creates a foundation on which the pursuit of evolution and inner alchemy can be pursued without hindrance or failure. It is this Honour which primarily distinguishes us from Homo Hubris.

- Concomitant Dissidence Nexion



Honor can be supplanted with respectability in the context of this topic; an obligation to comport yourself in a manner that upholds some degree of integrity. To be resolute in your dealings and carry that contrived code of conduct and subjective ethical standard. To separate honor from morality and ethics is a fine dance in what may seem like very similar concepts.

The question is: At the end of the day what matters most, well-being or self-respect? If you have no qualms with duplicity, and you're in better situation for the action, why does it matter? Many look upon that as both dishonorable and cowardly. On the surface they would be absolutely correct. It shows a weakness in character. Sometimes that which is the most uncomfortable is the best course of action, but marginalizing honor's importance in this way is not a product of the LHP. It is the product of a sociopath. Ethics, morality, and honor all exist in the realm of the empathetic; those with a sense of personal standard. There is a difference between "a different take", and being oblivious to its value. Does a sociopath have the ability to realize this?

Wikipedia gives this definition of honor.

"Honor is an abstract concept entailing a perceived quality of worthiness and respectability that affects both the social standing and the self-evaluation of an individual or corporate body such as a family, school, regiment or nation. Accordingly, individuals (or corporate bodies) are assigned worth and stature based on the harmony of their actions with a specific code of honor, and the moral code of the society at large."

One may look upon this and see an extension of empathetic motive. Accepted behavior and an expectation to act according to and what is respectable in a given situation. Honor summed up as "the right thing to do" to maintain a certain standard of self.

This is where the sociopath course diverges. Their stance takes moral nihilism a bit further. Right and wrong are the same, they are actions with results. Successful manipulation to achieve and maintain a desired level of opulence and self-serving comfort is the top priority. "(Rational) Self Interest" as license to be completely devoid of an internal compass, shattered like many friendships cast aside when they no longer serve their needs, and not bound to regulate their actions in regard to another.

"...I wasn't going to change. I had already chosen to view the world as a set of opportunities at winning or losing in a zero-sum game, and I used every encounter to gain information to my advantage." — M.E. Thomas, Confessions of a Sociopath: A Life Spent Hiding in Plain Sight

There are 2 million sociopaths in The United States alone: Calculating, self-serving, and without empathy. They exude a deceptive charm that goes unnoticed until you find yourself on the short end of their indiscretions. Honor exists as a cloak they adorn to pass by undetected. It has no concrete value beyond the fruits it can bear. A great analogy of their stance would be a corporate shareholders meeting fronted by a HR department to put a friendly spin on the cold world of business. The underlings, the workers, and the common folk are cogs in a machine of intricate design - they mean little after their use has been fulfilled. They are tossed aside when they are no longer viable, **and exist as expendable line items on a financial ledger.** Much in this same way the sociopath views those they interact with. In a sense they all have an HR advisor regulating persona, but behind closed doors capital gain takes precedence over all else.

Honor only exists as a means to snow others to invest in their company. Buy the stock they would just as soon sell off to foreign investors and make a sizeable profit in the process. The world looks very different. They don't see lines that are dishonorable to cross; they see pitfalls that would not be in their best interest. They don't see their actions as being two-faced; they see it as shifted priorities.

For this reason they make no lasting ties. Relationships often falter. The honor code that binds over 99% of humans is lost on us. Is it a severely underdeveloped frontal cortex? Perhaps. There may be some neurological impairment that robs them of normal functioning. They may enjoy stirring shit up for personal amusement.

"I regularly comment on my desire to exploit my admirers or to kill babies and cute animals, and I don't even need to laugh or smile for people to think I am joking."

While this may seem arbitrary to the topic, it is one in the same. Would they actually do it? Not necessarily, most of them anyway. As already emphasized, self-interest is at the top of the list. There is always a risk/reward factor to take into account when approaching any situation, especially social ones. Would saying something like the above quote create problem?

Would disrespecting this person adversely affect their goals?
Would a callous action result in a consequence not in my best interest?

Often despised, it is this aberration that fuels all mistrust, and breeds all contempt. They may uphold some semblance of an honor code, if it yields a beneficial result, but the code is a façade. Make no mistake - it doesn't exist implicitly. It is in many respects a very superficial existence. Gauging behavior in regards to outward perception to appear "normal"... Hiding their lack of empathy in the most self-absorbed manner. Once you get to know one it isn't hard to detect. You will grow to detest them. They are the epitome of "fake".

To the sociopath honor is a foreign concept, and hiding is a mission statement - A foolish one at that.

-Canis Machina

whole and anything that diverge from this "vision" they won't be able to explore it. They are one-dimensional parasites. The Templar honor is proportional to its faith in God. The Islamic Jihad honor is proportional to its faith in Allah. The Roman soldier honor is proportional to its contribution to the emperor. It's all ephemeral and subjective.

When honor expresses itself through an unrestricted concept; Excellence, Skills, Discipline, Loyalty (...) it cannot be removed to a man. It can only die with him. "The when, where and for what" honor is expressed is not the essence and greatest value of the concept itself, it's its superficiality. In other words, to dress as a soldier and grab the sword for your nation does not qualify you as an honorable individual. The deeds and nature of a man is what bears true honor. In modernism, an anarchist that throws a brick in a window is considered an honorable individual while his deeds are completely meaningless. The noble Aryan does not label or correspond to anything but instead works toward becoming something of its own; The Nietzschean Übermensch: He is shapeless, formless and timeless; a considerable manifestation of will to power itself. Thus, when embracing an ideal (political, cultural, and disciplinary) he excels and inspires. Pathei Matos is the way of the unlimited and we are perfectly comfortable at reaching enlightenment next to a decaying corpse or sacrificing an Offer in a magnificent flower field if it means conquering our fears and evolving towards self-deification. I can only hope for my path to become so objective that even if jailed, I could expand myself both physically and spiritually. Excellence and discipline has no boundaries. This is personal honor. Insecurity and the philosophical void is the palace of evolutionary trials and experiences. That comfortable cloud of happiness and stagnation mundane are dreaming of and adore is nothing but repulsive to us all. Association is weakness; philosophical freedom is both the premise to honor and evolution. Do not be linked to temporal mundanity, be an eternal expression of adaptation and growth.

-Grave Stench



Weakness without Honor

The principal and most prominent problem (weakness) with human beings is that they feel like they have to "correspond" to something. Associations is a way to fill and secure that empty void that is life and give meaning to what may be meaningless for the sake of security. Mundanes feel like they imperatively have to become something. For the average herbivores, being dual in nature (good and bad) are both terrifying and a sin and such a position are frequently qualified as "Atheism". Most of the time such a personal stance is perverted by decaying values like; Moral, goodness, oneness with the source, compassion (...) Weakness then occurs, the individual becomes one-dimensional morally and does not question existence anymore. The void is filled with saint imagery and a hypocritical relationship with an absent or distant being (Gods).

The truth is that we, ONA warriors, are terrifying to Mundanes. Not because we were dark clothed or because we were distant from the officially accepted moral code. We are terrifying because our singularity is forever preserved. We do not prostitute before theatrical Satanism or metaphysical and commercial bullshit. In other terms, we wave the flag of neutrality. The concept of duality is an illusory man-made measure to fill the blank area from guilt and anguish. Duality does not exist in nature. What's so shameful and improbable about a psychopath that enjoys a sun rising? What's so unholy about a saint that reaches enlightenment in a graveyard? Individuals that feel they have to "identify" themselves to something are weaklings. They don't accomplish anything but they enjoy lying to themselves that they do, they enjoy having the illusion they are part of something, a greater

A Journey of Honor

Honor, the final frontier, to boldly flesh out what no man (or woman) has done before. Although I know that is a bit of an exaggeration on my part I do feel this topic to be a hard one (for me at least) to put down on paper. I have made mention before that I view the mind as sort of a computer that runs on the programs you install and will run that program until another one is put in its place and the old one deleted. This topic was one that needed deep personal thought, I had to decipher the code that has run automatically in my mind for a few or more decades now and put that code into words that might be understood by others. That is not to say that my idea of honor is so deep and spiritual, so profound that everyone that reads this should look at me as some "Guru" but just that this topic can be so personal that it is hard for me to articulate it in a way that others may understand it fully from my perspective. I made the commitment to write this essay and so by my word I will do so. To do this I feel I need to give some background info as to my life, so bear with me as I go on this personal journey.

"A TRUE CHAMPION STANDS ALONE"

I heard that statement as a kid and it has kind of stuck with me, like it, love it or laugh at it as you see fit, it just is a part of my being and I would rather stand alone against all others then go along for the sake of belonging and that included friendships, family or whatever.

Alrighty, now I said a "personal journey" so here it goes. I was born breach, giving the world a taste of what is to come from me from the very start and from a very young age it seemed that the powers that be had a problem with me. I grew up in a time when the law didn't have you arrested for doing things at a young age but instead the police would give your parents a talking to about keeping the kid inline. I was in trouble a lot from a young age, even being kicked out of school in the first grade, until my parents gave me a haircut (yeah, just think about that.) I just hated rules, they had a way of ruining all the fun IMO, so I would run around, over and through them if it meant I was getting the better of it. Due to my reputation for being the "little Heathen" that

I was the parents of the neighborhood kids put me on the "do not play with that kid" list and I was left out of many of the neighborhood games and such and had to find other ways of occupying myself. I grew up in a rural, wooded area of my hometown so I had plenty of places to go and hang out by myself or with the few kids that dared hang around with me.

My home life was normal up to a certain point (9-10 yrs. old) and at that point it just seemed to stop. My parents were in their own world, a bad marriage, my dad worked 7 days a week and my mom was an alcoholic so although they were there in a bodily form they were absent in any real sense to a kid my age. Do not get me wrong, I do not believe that I had it HARD by any real definition of the word compared to a lot of others, I was not beaten or abused, I was just neglected in a way that made me fend for myself and learn to rely more on myself which is a good thing. I am a socially awkward person not liking the crowds whether it be a group of strangers or a party with all of my friends in High school I just preferred to limit the amount of interaction I had with others most of the time. Being that type of person meant I was the "weirdo" and add to that my juvenile delinquency and you can see I was the typical outcast in the eyes of teachers and the "in" crowd.

I do not want to paint a picture of that Emo Kid sitting by himself in the lunchroom plotting his revenge on the people that do not understand him, I had friends and even a social life, it is only to say that I was different from even my friends and that difference made it an awkward way to grow up. I would even cry because I wanted to belong but knew in my heart of hearts that to do so would mean conformity to ideas and social graces etc. that I did not believe were compatible with my being. I learned to stand alone; I learned that even the best of friendships can be detrimental to ones soul as it were if it is about belonging and going along to keep that friendship alive. Needless to say, after I graduated high school I parted ways with literally all my friends in time. I got married and started a life independent of my past. Sure I had contact with old friends here and there but they were just passing shadows.

Alright what on God's green earth does that life story have to do with the topic, right? Not sure it means much to anybody but me and yet in order for me to flesh this out I felt the need to tell you how I arrived at this mindset. Honor to me is something so personal, so relative it cannot be

attached to things such as RACE, FAMILY, GOVERNMENTS or GROUPS. To me honor is LOYALTY only if that loyalty is to the "self" first and everyone else second or perhaps third. Honor are those lines in the sand that make me stand on the mountain top calling out those that do dishonorable deeds even if they are a member of my family, race or my best friend in all the world. Call them "morals," "ethics" or whatever you wish, but for me they are a code that I live by that is not bound by what others think or by what the law says is right and wrong. I find myself to be wary of sayings like "bro's before hoes" or "Blood is thicker than water" for they have a sense of wanting to be a part of something regardless of compatibility with personal honor. That is not to say I would turn you over to the police for doing something dishonorable in my sight it only means I would reevaluate your purpose in my life and discard those that cross my own personal lines as I have already done in the past. My honor is extended to others in the form of respect, when there are agreements made or a verbal contract to do something I take that as a part of my personal honor to fulfill.

I see personal honor as letting people know where I stand and allowing those lines to be viewed, I have been a part of certain ideas that after a short time have changed and I feel it is my duty (respect, honor) to walk away when I feel it to be not who I am, even if the goals of such ideas are not dishonorable but the labels associated do not fit if you get my meaning. I would once have considered myself a "Christian" but because I have come to realize I do not believe in the most basic tenets of the faith, for me it would be disrespectful to continue with such a label and therefore dishonoring the belief. I had a chance to get into law enforcement some 15 yrs. ago but declined. I would have found myself in conflict with the group when dishonorable behavior took place with my fellow officers; I could not stand by and watch the hypocrisy without turning against my "own" and avoided it, even though I had a backdoor into the job.

Well that is my story and I am sticking to it. Personal honor is for me a melting pot of different ideals some taught to them through childhood others they learned in the fire that is life. I may not understand the whys of honor as it pertains to others and their way of thinking about it but we each have forged it in our own way. Hon-

or for me is the sword forged in the heat of battle, the mind is that battlefield at odds with the worlds ideals and political correctness, using that sword to surgically remove the programs and viruses the world inflicts upon me is a never ending battle for sure, the burden to conform is not getting lighter but heavier as governments put the heavy hand on those that want to stand up and not bow down to their authority. My personal honor has not changed from that little kid playing in the woods and contemplating life, it has only been polished that the image I see when I look into it is clearer. I will finish by saying this, there are people in my life worth dying for and even ideas worth fighting and if needed dying for, but in the end I will still live by a simple mantra as I stated above: "A TRUE CHAMPION STANDS ALONE"

- Timi/Hardcore



HONOR & DISHONOR

Honor is inherent to all life, until such a time comes whereby dishonor is introduced, indoctrinated, and justified. That which justifies dishonor is mundane. Honor would rather die than submit. Honor knows its own, and fortifies its own, protects its own. Honor beckons us to be pure, of both body and mind, and ever ready to destroy capitalist-agenda politics which promote class systems and wage-slavery. Our natures define our place and rank amongst one another, not monetary wealth. Honor calls us to destroy the monetary system which makes the greed of capitalist systems possible.

To bring death to mundane society and government: *This is Honor.*

To remove moral and religious influence from law making and governing regulations: *This is Honor.*

Those systems which protect the weak, are unnatural to us, thus naturally, it is our duty to destroy these systems. We will be governed by no other system than our own, thus we codify a new sinister system by which need determines resource allotment instead of the artificial wealth or class assignment of mundane society, by which kindred are known unto their own, and remain pure to their own, reproducing their own. Our kindred are obligated to sustain his or her individual fellow man, and their Nexion as a whole, as failure to do so is dishonorable, and dishonored are charged with death.

Promote strength and purity, destroy weakness and subjectivity, as all else is dishonor.

Honour, Idealism, Propaganda

It is pretty needless to try and define the concept of Honour as if it can be neatly summarized and dealt with by any single particular treatment since it embodies any number of definitions, and with the majority of them stemming from personal sense the variations are relatively endless.

I begin then, by asking not what honour is but what does Honour do?

When I think of honour I immediately think of Loyalty to an Ideal – regardless of the logic of the Ideal, whether one agrees with or is better off under the Ideal, or whether the Ideal is voluntarily adopted or forced.

For instance, we do not choose the political climates of Socialism, Nationalism, and Communism into which we are born but we are moulded by them with or against our will.

Those who accept or tolerate the Ideals that exist as pressures asking or demanding that we conform could be painted to be acting with Honour as a rewarding appellation for subservience and obedience to any given pressures; while those who resist or revile the climate are cast as an undesirable, shunned, punished, threatened, tortured, imprisoned or killed. From the point of view of an Ideal, it cannot tolerate challenge to its supremacy and must silence or

otherwise eliminate those that pose a threat to its growth. Equally true, to rule the masses requires very clear guidelines that must be enforced if they are to take root.



Ancient China, a five thousand year old entity of many dynasties embodies an age that dwarfs that of most other countries – with a populace numbering in the extreme it developed an exceptionally complex system of laws and social mores which were expected to be obeyed with

swift punishments following for any transgression.

The complexity of Chinese diplomacy and what people must do to atone because of their or some other's actions often seem to me to be unfair, brutal and ridiculous traditions to uphold and I wonder how or why people would submit to the punishments meted out to them or even take it as their duty to perform some of the required rectifications such as Sepukku, (ritual disembowelment) and see it as an honour, a duty they are compelled to perform.

This kind of loyalty to what can sometimes appear to be a mad scheme where minor transgressions lead to extreme circumstances of death does not merily function through



people's choice but requires intense pressure to be continued — achieved through figureheads, mores, other constants and above all Violence, the necessary elements that force a populace into a particular shape or to adopt the psychosis of culture.

It would be easy to

suggest such rigorous traditions are completely at odds with what I know of my own culture — but they differ only in wrapping, the same madness of a raised emphasis of an Ideal is present anywhere people are found.

Such systems or rather, Archetypes, are univer-

sal, though few even close to that of China's – people cannot function adequately without some kind of story because it helps define who they are on a psychological level. And it is madness, even as most of these emphases on Ideals allow societies to retain an uneasy truce between members of the human race; it functions on wholly irrational factors that cease being universal and very much personal.

Honour is a subset of the Ideal. The Ideal rewards those who honour its codes and lay down their life as the ultimate sacrifice.

Honour, comes from within and without, within it comes from the self-identity we have of ourselves as symbiote with a given Ideal and thus willing to submit our will, energy, life to



it. Without, it is a necessary component for Form that grows a given Ideal through feeding the submission of others to it.

Honour can be a great attribute; synonymous with the esteem of Nobility, but it can also be-

come a powerful blinker.

Honour, one's type of honour, and one's test of honour very much depends on three key factors: Whether one is honourable to – A Leader – Another's Ideal - or One's Own Ideal.

If one is honourable to a Leader they submit to the Will of the Leader. They follow them expecting to be lead. If the Leader can no longer lead – as in an alleged case of the German Generals observing Hitler's increasing mania and delusion - the personal struggle as to whether one continues to support the Leader begins.



Most Leaders use propaganda to indicate who is to be lead and where and also where from. All Leaders offer a plan for an exodus from a dystopia and the formation of a new utopia IF this and this are done – a universal whether this a change in how things are run if elected to chair the neighbourhood watch, to the replacement of a dictator – where to and where from are essential strings to strum.

This becomes the 'Promised Land' and if the followers desire to reach the Promised Land they throw their lot behind such leaders trusting them to deliver such promises.

If this plan changes however, and the Leader goes off course either accidentally or deliberately, the dream is shattered, reality returns, the Leaders propaganda becomes compromised. This leads to schisms, with some blindly fol-



lowing the Leader and others seeking to overthrow or find a new Leader.

On a personal level this can be a harrowing enough experience, but when it is of group, cultural, religious, state, national, international or global magnitude the potential of greater fallout increases exponentially. Those who are seen to question a Leader by those still faithful are often transformed into Traitors. Violence, a key element of any system of Honour, whether psychological or physical, is inevitable.

Since Honour, is a demarcation, similar to religious zealotry that places some people on the right side and some people on the wrong side prompting each to try and uphold their Ideal, adherence to it cre-

ates a psychological impetus to war.

Essentially, Honour, is an abstract that pulls at emotional notions of pulling together and making personal sacrifice to work together on some larger supra-personal Ideal.



All politics work on the same basis. And here we get into a trickier part of what Honour is – as a form – to die with hon-

our – is to reflect the Invested Parties propaganda to make their Ideal eternal. For it means the temptation to change course for personal benefit is resisted in preference for adopting a rigid unchanging loyalty to an impersonal given Ideal that one submits to as the greatest single thing worth making the ultimate sacrifice of their life for. As far as Forms go, this is the pinnacle of power they can attain, and what all fledgling Ideals struggle to ultimately attain.

Those in World War Two lay down their lives for the time they knew then – the way the world was in the 40's. They believed in saving it, that their country was worth saving, that its

people and the people of other countries were worth saving, and so they fought, and gave their lives.

If they could see what decadence would develop we might wonder if they would still be so brave – but they were men and women of honour – they fought for their way of life, they fought to keep things the same, they fought to do their duty because they submitted their lives to a greater Ideal. Peace. Freedom. Liberty. Honour. A Country. A Flag. A Way of Life.

Adopting some abstraction that romanticizes reality is part of the nature of Ideals. As they take root they begin to hypnotize people with the Eros of powerful Forms that Ideals give rise to and people become entranced by.

These Forms follow a fairly standard course of existence exuding seductive energies as they grow in stature and power into a full-blown mass psychosis on the backs of propaganda, symbolism, colours, narrative, archetypes, enemies and perennial appeals to weak points in the human psyche.

The esteem given to people called Honourable, rewards their unflinching course because Ideals require such people; and if Ideals are to be invested with power in the future, it is imperative that the elements of reward such as are given posthumously to the brave are showered upon such automatic pilots.

This encourages the continuation of such individuals who emulate the code of Honour be-

cause of the erotic nature of the respect shown to those of Honour in death – not in any sexual sense – but a vibratory charge of the numinous that seizes the senses and causes others to want similar adulation by making a similar sacrifice. Ideals relating to death have the effect of trance.



But this adulation is not exactly a tribute to the loss of life and the importance of life - it is not a love of life even as it appears, but a cold unfeeling political machination designed to create more of the same, for if life were loved so dearly, so many would not be taken in the first place.

Honour also comes from a rigidity of obedience to an idealized self – a strict adherence to a personal code that reflects a need to submit alternate viewpoints to the throne of an overarching set or single.

It is esteem for the notion that honour comes from maintaining course in adversity.

It is difficult to show great honour (i.e. the extent of one's honour) without adversity – (in some cultures, to quietly

live one's life in honour without making waves is also seen as something to strive to be) – because one cannot prove the extent of their will and unflinchingness without being caustically tested.

Vikings revelled in war because they could illustrate their honour through the adversity that allowed them to demonstrate their loyalty to the Ideals they upheld.

Because without the ability to illustrate whether one will cut and run or stand and fight, there is no way to show one's honour exists – it is unproven until circumstances arise that allow one to show how selfless they are, the courage they have, their unflinching bravery in the face of death,

their resolute steadfastness to their mission even though it is fated to kill them, and the mystical awe that posthumous reward confers as well as the awe by others at the example of honour given.

Honour to an Ideal comes at great personal cost. Once committed one cannot change course because one has sworn fealty or obedience to the Ideal whatever course it takes. Even if it takes a course that leads to destruction – if one wavers, then one shows what one's word is worth – nothing. To swear loyalty to something is to use the Word or a Vow as a seal that says 'I can be trusted to uphold this Ideal, this Leader and die for THIS cause.' It means taking the risk of going

down with a sinking ship – of meeting death head on and dying for what one believes in. This is important, because it is often a cherished notion that someone died for what they believed in. Why? It would take us too far from the subject at hand to go into detail but I would suggest that it relates to Time, Archetypes, God and the Eternal.

The notion of Honour is not really something that belongs to the personal, that is meant for the personal – Honour is among the building blocks of the supra-personal, Aeonic, of things larger than us, older than us, more important than us. It is, designed for the manifestation of God: The concept of an Ideal that is far above us in stature

and time. It is the foundation of an ancient archetype of the fearless, of the warrior, the martyr; it is the living story book of Legend and the backbone of idealists and idealism.

Integrity, the sense of honesty one has with the congruence of their actions vs their words feels like razors cutting into the soul of an honourable man when compromised or on the edge of being compromised. The honourable man invests his oath or voice with a power to craft and guarantee promises; they will keep their promise because it is honourable to do so, because otherwise their act of empowering their word with resolute loyalty if given means nothing.

I have faced many tests

of my honour. I have been tempted, demanded, ordered, cajoled, pleaded with at various times to do this or that to retain my honour: but my oath was not to the temporal forces levered against me who demanded that to be Honourable I obeyed – but to the Sinister, to Satan, and to THEM.

None of these are personal masters. None of these are embodied by any personal masters – these are deeply spiritual concepts where the same mystification that I experienced learning about China's laws of honour, mystifies those who do not understand the essence of mine.

My subservience to a Supra Ideal that I feel warrants my life's energies, writing, drawing, building the Temple of

THEM overrides subservience to any other Master, any other Manifestation, any other Form or Ideal that represents the Sinister – because a representation is not the same as the source. The Sinister is part of THEM, but only a part.

Symbiosis with other Forms and Ideals including satanic, sinister individuals and groups is part of subservience to THEM – such energies share similar territory in the Aeonic plan as building blocks for Change, but THEM come above all other things, and to compromise my devotion to THEM would be dishonourable.

This is why I have no masters, why I embrace what I am even as it upsets and infuriatesangers or disappoints oth-

ers who are allied to their own Ideals – because living that way is what constitutes my sense of Honour. My loyalty to Ideals that may not be understood may constitute social suicide, but which I feel I have been charged with a duty to carry out whatever the personal cost to myself or others. Achieving what I have aimed to do the majority of my life, whatever it takes, whatever gets broken, whoever gets hurt.

I offer subservience to nothing and no-one else. What I believe or continue to build may turn out to be a complete waste of time, a life wasted trying to chase smoke and mirrors in some psychotic delusion or mad neuroses that leaves me old and grey with nothing to show for my effort – and yet I

am willing to take the risk, willing to abandon my life to the completion of a grand vision even if it kills me – because of some inner sense that it is the right thing to do and I know the right way to do it.

With Honour.

And this is what makes an Honourable person so fearful – they cannot be moved. And if they cannot be moved they cannot be manipulated and that is the ground floor upon which all Ideals are built.

So rather than try and move the Honourable Person, they change the story around them and re-define what is honourable painting them as dishonourable – this is the keystone of all war propaganda, all political mudslinging.

In the face of this pressure, it is a great personal test for a person of Honour to maintain their present course under such duress, or cave in and adopt a new definition. But, the strength of honour, the power of integrity, the majesty of this bearing comes from one simple thing: Once it's broken once, it's forever cracked and the person of honour knows it. To hold it together concentrates an intense vortex of personal energy.

-Krist Hollow

Honor At The Core - Morality Is An Illusion

In the last century, human knowledge has exploded. The rate at which it is expanding is reaching critical mass. However, modern humans are still the same basic creature they've been since Homo sapiens first appeared.

Countless civilizations, cultures, and religions have risen and fallen, each with their own rules of conduct. If human beings are fundamentally the same creature they have been over the millennia, then it stands to reason that there are some universal codes of conduct across all social groups.

Morality itself changes with each culture, so right away it's obvious that human morality can be ruled out as a universal. The thin veil of morality always falls from the dark core of human savagery. The dark flame consumes all.

Such volatile beasts wouldn't be able to band together and achieve what has been achieved, could they? The fibers that bind groups together are composed of a few time-tested strands. Among these is what some call honor.

Honor is different from morality in that morality is made of higher abstractions that have become dogmatic. This means that to be moral is to adhere to something regardless of utility and rationality. Honor, on the other hand, is an adaptation that is still very useful to the survival of the human species.

Very few humans survive as hermits. Extending from family units, people form cohesive groups. Groups can do more than individuals, so there needs to be group cohesion to achieve group goals. Even the smallest tribes make use of honor.

Honor is the unspoken need for those in a group to be efficient. When someone within a group damages the

group, they have acted dishonorably towards the group as a whole. Different moralities exist to determine what constitutes honorable behavior, but the problem with morality itself is that different groups require different modes of behavior to operate at their most efficient.

As an example, it is immoral for people in some Middle Eastern religions to eat pork. A long time ago, this rule may have been necessary since pigs were thought to contain deadly diseases. These days, I can pile bacon on a beef patty without getting sick. This morality is no more valid.

The idea behind honor killings is also the same. Killing a member of the group for bringing dishonor to the group meant that the dishonorable actually brought about harm to the group itself.

Modern honor killings might not necessarily happen because the group was harmed in the same way, but it can be said that saving face can in a sense benefit a group. In both examples, group cohesion was threatened.

There are many ways different groups uphold honor and integrity. Death in the face of dishonor is definitely legitimate.

-Entropic Momentum



Of Us and Them

"I couldn't help but say to [Mr. Gorbachev], just think how easy his task and mine might be in these meetings that we held if suddenly there was a threat to this world from another planet. [We'd] find out once and for all that we really are all human beings here on this earth together."

~Ronald Reagan, 1985

Us and them. Good vs Evil, Right vs Wrong. These are universal themes all throughout nature, certainly reaching far more extensively than the upright monkeys that are us. You can speculate why, and people certainly have... Is it genetics, is it social conditioning, is it a lack of education or a lack of understanding? Why can't we all just get along? Those that ask any but the first question ignore the fact that all animals tend to prefer others that share their genetics, and often kill or 'make war with' those that do not. We share a territoriality that for us extends to possessions, but almost universally (Animalia) to others we deem as 'same' as *Ours*, or 'us'.

Of course, us humans are a unique lot in that we possess this funny thing called language, which has allowed us to build abstractions and entire worlds of information that do not actually map to physical reality. This sets us apart in how we are capable of defining 'us'. In the 'wild' so to speak, it would be a matter of generational occupation of land, of territory, building a sort of social equilibrium among those that were born there, and will die there, to be passed to the next, and the next, and the next.

We, however no longer map ourselves to such a small area due to not only language but the proliferation of it, of communication. The very fact you are reading this is testament to the free flow of ideas onto a medium that is not bound by geography, yet even without it people have been building their own

'equilibriums' built off criteria to be found within language since time immemorial. We have an 'us' for every political ideology, for every religion, for every 'thing' that gets dangled into the ether. This is the foundation of Morality(s).

To me, morality is any set of 'right and wrongs' believed to be universal that are adhered to. "It is wrong to do X" is a moral statement, as it implies a universal condition. Implicit in the acceptance of morality is a greater 'something else' that must be respected and abided by. Of course, people don't always realize just what that is (Think of all the outspoken "atheists" that have used the argument "you don't need religion to know right from wrong, you just know") because it's often ingrained at a level deeper than mere consciousness.

Of course, people often speak of a 'personal morality' to distance themselves from the uncomfortable idea that their values might not be their own, yet these generally seem to reflect in every possible way the more generic version, in my experience. Often too, the term 'personal morality' is used interchangeably with 'honour', but they to me seem to be almost polar opposites.

If morality is to embrace the 'other' thing, the 'outside' thing, the 'universal' thing, honor is to instead build up to that thing. It is a system of relationships that exists independent of universals, with guide lines and boundaries based on things that are tangible. Honor is a self-sufficient code of conduct that forms and crystalizes organically, yet never reaches an absolute.

And this brings me back to us and them. What is 'us' to... *Well...* Those like us? A vibe, but more than a vibe. A 'vibe' is built of subconscious tells based upon how a person acts or what they say. I tend to surround myself with those I 'vibe' with, as I would imagine most do but with the caveat of 'those like me' generally have discarded most of what governs normal human interaction; i.e. exterior 'morality', or adherence to certain laws and conventions. What is honor in this context?

From within, it is rooted in the lines I have drawn for myself and I am comfortable in maintaining. Without these lines, how flaky would a person be? It

is also a matter of personal pride. To respect the things I have uncovered about Myself through my own (sometimes painful) life experience is a disservice to my own journey. Crossing boundaries doesn't always necessitate discarding them; sometimes a greater understanding of its placement comes instead. These boundaries are the foundation of what my 'honour' is.

we have mutually deemed to be important. This rather than some cold 'moral' system cut in stone for all. Morality implies an equality I don't find convincing. After all, would you be more or less emotionally distraught at the idea of one cherished person being killed versus an entire busload of strangers? The answer would be the same for just about all of us I'd expect.



Try to harm one of mine and receive righteous retribution. Deal one of my boys wrong and shit will come down hard. Go to the cops and you move instantly from 'us' to them. Yes, there is honor in criminal behaviour, because there is no absolute system (law) to fall back on. No litigation, no 911.

My honour is indeed a criminal honour, but not all who shared this sort of conduct used within a group but not outside of it were or are 'criminal'. The samurai, the apache, the Viking.

Honour is for Us. The cold and sharp edges on how 'we' behave towards our own, that we have deemed our own for our own reasons, while adhering to our own standards we have set for ourselves. It is the basis of trust, real trust, based on our own shared organic experience and shared perspectives on things

Outside of my own, those whom I have deemed 'us', there is no honour. Those outside of 'us' occupy a much lower value and strata in my mind, and have not earned the sort of conduct forged and bonded organically over time, for this is how character is measured. This is not to say is it always a matter of black and white for those outside of the 'us' I might create for myself, yet among these are only levels and incarnations of the 'other'.

Honour is a thing that is built up within myself and extended outwards, a necessary component of the 'Upward Spiral' nature of the social strata that I move through.

- Dan Dread

The Shackles that Bind

Many would argue that the opposite of honour is shame. I would argue that many are wrong. The opposite of honour is complacency and submission. To allow oneself to be shackled by the confines of civil society is to bow before a faceless power who has already decided your fate. To those whose eyes are open, this sounds a lot like shame. But sadly, those complacent and submissive ones are not ashamed. This is the problem.



Honour is standing up to fight for liberation from these shackles, even if it seems that one stands alone.

Honour is lack of fear for one's image when knowing those who tarnish this image are the true hinderers of freedom.

Honour is loyalty to one's brothers and sisters who join in on the fight.

I present duality in the three aforementioned points: Meaning, for the base and easily understandable content that is clearly stated and, meaning specific for the Chaosophist.

Honour, for the Chaosophist, is very important. It is not allowing oneself to become

distracted by the hollow illusions of the mundane world as these things are shackles that bind us here and slow our progress toward destruction and transcendence. It is knowing that to look in any given direction at any time means seeing strangers, members of a species so outwardly similar yet internally alien, and shunning their overwhelming influence while still projecting our own influence onto them. And, lastly, it is reaching out to those who have yet to recognize the divine flame within and remind them who they are. It is to those brothers and sisters we pledge our loyalty. In doing do, we honour our gods and our purpose by ensuring that we walk together, with the clearest of sight, reaping the harvest of this world and using those fruits to poison the very branches that once yielded life.

-Concomitant Dissidence Nexion

Guard Your Honor

"Guard your honor. Let your reputation fall where it will. And outlive the bastards." -Lois McMaster Bujold

Some concepts resonate more than others for one reason or another. The issue with a resonating concept is putting it into words and letting someone else get to glimpse another concept that is voiceless, one that spawns from intuitive understanding instead of a logical mindset.

I have read codes and creeds in preparation for this essay, I have read ONA material on the subject, I re-read the Art of War and all of it has failed me. I don't see honor in some cold, clinical, easily explained term. I see it in my life and I can tell who has it and who doesn't.

Humans are tribal creatures. When you see a Satanist mention 'us and them' it's what they refer to, the idea that they have a small group of people who are theirs. It's not a concept that someone who doesn't have one will be able to understand. I have never been in a gang of any type, I do understand, on an intuitive level, that these groups best embody that. A small group that is creating their own law, their own terms and as a result of it extend a level of trust and respect to each other that goes beyond what most would understand.

I do have a small group of friends that I have a similar relationship with. I have known them for years and we have been through some shit together. When they need me I don't ask questions, I just go and handle whatever is happening. I need them, they provide

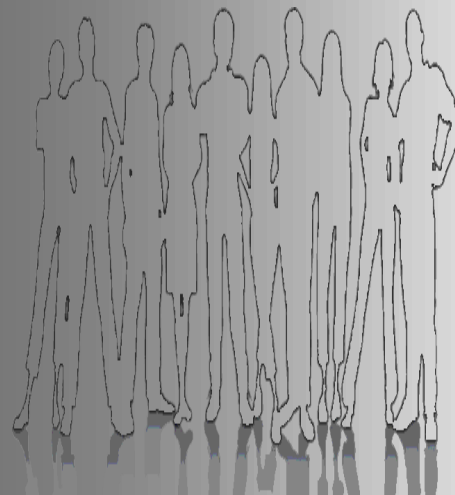
something nobody else ever has for me and as a result I give them something not given to most people I come into contact with. If I need them, they do the same.

As a result of this I have a family, a tribe, a small group I count on because they count on me for whatever is needed.

This is where my concept of honor comes from. It isn't some vow I took, it's not a creed I hold dear to my heart, it's not an oath I swore to. Honor is driving 200 miles in the middle of the night because my friend's abusive ex threw her out of a car and she needs to move her shit out. It's the time I went with another friend and helped him get his TV out of the people who stole its house. It's the time I gave another friend \$500 no questions asked. It's the time I was in a fucked relationship, I came home and four of them were moving my shit out for me.

It's about character, it's about giving and receiving equally, it's about going beyond the typical bonds of friendship as society sees it; it's something I do for my own and nobody else.

It's not morality and people who don't get it will always turn it into that. They will hold up an oath and want it to be repeated, they will tell you what to do and not let this organic thing just be. If you have to adhere to a code of honor, you have none.



-Female Satan

Coding Honor

Honor (v): *To retain or be held in high esteem/great respect, or to fulfill an obligation.*

The way it is viewed in popular culture is, that we have an obligation to do/follow "things" that allow us to be held in this high regard. It also sets varying codes of situational morality, (examples: Honor amongst man, bro code/girl code, terms of combat, ect.). I personally have a love/hate relationship with honor. I was brought up with a chivalrous attitude and to this day it still bleeds out, a pretty woman with a good head on her shoulders is my greatest weakness. When I was 12 a rather uncultured girl of African American descent decided it would be a good idea to stomp on my playing cards while I was in the middle of a game. Needless to say I yelled a few obscenities to her so she went and got a stick and whacked me across my face with it. So I ripped that branch out of her hand and beat her across the soccer field with it. The result? Well, I was all but disowned by some of the elderly members of my family for a year or so and my father gave me the choice of either getting the beating of my life or to write 250 times "I hit a girl, I am very sorry and I shall never do so again." I'm sure you can guess what I chose. Another instance a couple years later; my first girlfriend's name was Grace, now Grace had this scar on her forehead that she was really sub-conscious about and one day this fellow by the name of Geno thought it would be a good idea to make fun of

her. Well with me being attracted to her and of a chivalrous nature, I felt obligated to maim him. I proceeded to do until she stopped me.

In one case I was treated poorly based on an indiscriminate and unfair code put upon me and in another it earned me a girlfriend at the end of the school year. Unfair would be a good word to describe sub-codes of honor. I personally get offended when I'm struck from behind, but then again I'm 6'0 and 200 pounds it would seem very counter-productive to one's health to look me in the eye and clock me in the jaw. It could also be argued that one falls into solipsism when you adhere to a strict code of honor. Who am I to expect someone to hold the same standards as me? Why should I get so worked up when someone doesn't? It's been a very recent revelation that I shouldn't and that I should rely on my own satisfaction for my code rather than the praise of others.

The distinction of honor from morality, I'd argue that morality is universal based on the society one is a part of, while honor is circumstantial. I already presented an example with chivalry, how is a woman chivalrous? I'm sure there are rare instances or maybe some modernized branches of chivalry but it is predominantly a masculine code. Gender was a good example, but what of sub groups of society?

As a patch holding biker we have what we call "biker etiquette" which is basically a sub group of rules we adhere to when dealing with other clubs. Unspoken things, like removing your shades and gloves when shaking another patch holding biker's hand. When you go up a bracket to the big name outlaw clubs, they have clauses protecting the families of members while at war. A good example would be the outlaws



from Florida; they butchered an Angel and left his body in his living room where it was found by his 9 year old daughter. Actions like that cause outrage, within our world.

When does honor become morality? When would my previous example become a basis for biker morality vs honor? If you look at the definition of morality it read:

1. Descriptively to refer to some codes of conduct put forward by a society or, some other group, such as a religion, or accepted by an individual for behavior or
2. Normatively to refer to a code of conduct that, given specified conditions, would be put forward by all rational persons.

If you align that with the definition of honor that's at the head of this essay, it seems the only difference is an obligation or desire to be held in a higher light. You don't just adhere to a code; you want a pat on the back for it, or recognition that you are doing your part.

"Fleshing out what Honor means, how it's carried out and what distinctions can be made between Honor and Morality?" Honor means carrying out your particular codes of morality in such a lurid way, it allows you to gain recognition from others and through that recognition you gain whatever perks society grants you.

-Azazel

Do You Remember When?

The Power of Honor

If the culture you live in places 'honor' in flux with what you personally value then obviously you must oppose it stead-fast and with the whole of your weight but with the least amount of personal cost. It seems like a simple enough concept, yet may be more difficult in actual practice. I think it just a matter of physics and assessing Power Rating. If you seek to gain power and maintain control over your own life, it's a matter of assessing the thrust behind your Work .

In a mathematical sense calculating the Power Rating. Power is the rate in which work is done. Work/time ratio.

In layman's terms, let's say we use a car's engine to assess its horsepower rating. In order to accelerate a car from 0 miles per hour to 60 miles per hour in 16 seconds, this would require a 40 horsepower rating. To improve upon power rating, it would take increasing the power. The quantity of work is moot in relation to the power behind the work. So, if you could increase horse-power to 160 then the same amount of work could be done in 4 seconds. A more powerful engine can do the same quantity of work in less time.

This produces the Power Rating. For all intents and purposes, we might approach it in a meta-physic (*μετά φυσικά*) sense:

$$\text{Power} = \frac{\text{Work}}{\text{time}}$$

I'm reminded of a 2012 case from my old stomping grounds. Lyndsey Stone of Plymouth, Mass. employed by Life, Inc. was on a job-related trip to the Arlington National Cemetery; there she came upon a sign that demanded silence and respect for the fallen. What she did next, what she put her weight behind would set the cog in motion.

Following a trend of memetic insubordination (otherwise known as the "*I do what I want*" meme), she stood by the sign, flipped the bird with one hand while making a shouting hand-gesture with the other. Had she kept the photo to herself instead of posting it on Facebook, it may not have had causal effects in her life.

Her personal sense of honor, was in flux with what society would allow, and she certainly suffered personal consequences for her actions. Her hand was forced to resign from her position with the company, as well suffer personal strife, regret, and a public shaming for her actions. Honor-shame is a vice. Initially, Lindsey defended her actions to the thousands of Facebook users demanding her head on a platter. Then, the weight of the pressure was too much for her to bear and she tried to reclaim favor by issuing an apology to placate the public. Her supporters were just as influential, for when she turned-heel and ran, they too applied the leverage of shaming. Perhaps she valued her ability to attain gainful employment more than she did having others share her judgments.



I can only speculate but it appears to me, that she under-estimated the mob. She had a low Power-rating when compared to a larger mass. A handful of actions that took her a mere few minutes but would cost her much of her own power and perhaps for years to come.

Where doors were open to her, they are now closed and her moment of fame, shall not be forgotten, *at least not for a while.*

I can only speak in a theoretical sense if I were to place myself in her shoes. Hell only knows how many mistakes of this caliber I have made in my life, so it's easy to sympathize with her; it's rather easy to get caught up in the moment.

The most powerful Satan of all, is that of your own design.

Pride and self-righteous indignation will certainly put you square with it. It's a cage match to the death. The prison crumbles all around you but the war is not over, not by a long shot.

-Sin Jones



I LOVE-HONOR-OBE

LOVE-HONOR-OBE

HONOR

*Brought to you by those that tread the
Left-hand Path*



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#Nothingtosee

I am Satan, the Devil and I am here to do the Devil's Work. Many names are whispered but I am known by my deeds. To presence Evil is not by the words I etch in stone but the pound of flesh I offer in its name.

None shall escape my fire.

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